# FIELDING AND THACKERAY.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE AUTHOR OF "TOM JONES" AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW-COMES"-THACKERAY'S ADMIRATION OF PIELD-ING'S CHARACTER OF AMELIA-THACKERAY'S

WOMEN PREFERRED TO HIS MEN. Ever since the time of the excellent Plutarch, the world has given itself to comparisons, and, as he balanced Theseus against Remulus, and Hannibal against Scipio Africanus, so we get up a see-saw of names, and look out for resemblances. Society is prone to that drivel of the debating club, which expends itself in determining the comparative military ability of George Washington and the Dake of Wellington. Gibbon tumbled into this error, though in a magnificent way when he spoke of Fielding as "the prose Homer of the Human Heart." Others mistake in the same style when they speak of Thackeray as "the Fielding of the nineteenth century." The phrases are captivating, but they do not mean much. And even those who use them do not comprehend precisely what they do mean. It is like all that nonsense which has con written about Pope and Dryden, Dr. Johnson leading in it, of which I trust that we have heard the last.

One thing, however, may be said. If we have two dear friends, we are likely to look for resemblances between them. When I had the pleasure and honor of meeting Thackeray during his first visit to this country, I confess that I could not keep Fielding and Smollett and Sterne out of my head. It is not often that one sits at table with so great a man as the author of "The Newcomes" and "Henry Esmond"-once, maybe, only in a lifetime. He was before me, raying out bits of wisdom, with not the least flavor of cynicism, so far as I could observe; and it was just a little odd that as I sat and listened, I also instituted a comparison with Fielding. There is some point of resemblance between these great men; if one could only find it out. Yet there are a hundred differ-I shall never forget the exquisite pleasure with

which when a boy I first read "Tom Jones"that here who passes from the irreverence of "Tom" to the plain respectability of Jones with the precedent Thomas entirely unabbreviated, and with " Mr." standing guard in front of the name. I had known about the book long before; but only then had I compassed the hire of it from our circulating library through the careful hoarding of pennies. Bringing home the great work, then for the first time in my possession, I fled with it to the garret, enjoyed it by stealth and drank in its delicious immoralities surreptitiously. The rain was beating down upon the roof and rattling against the windows; all without was dull and dreary; but the light of genius illuminated the cobwebbed rafters. Sophia walked up and down in the radiance of her beauty; the grave Allworthy stood at the door as if to reprehend me for my stolen indulgence; "Tom" with the charm of natural youth figured now reputably and now disreputably upon the scene; I execrated Bliffl, grinned at Partridge, pitied Mrs. Captain Waters, half pitied Lady Bellaston, was willing to compro mise with that grim, unnatural mother, and so took my fill of real human beings that it seemed to me from that time forth that the whole world would be a theatre, and that I had only to look, to listen, and to learn. I have read the novel I hardly dare to say how many times since; it has soothed the hours of sickness and mitigated the tedium of convalescence; yet that charm of original perusal has never been surpassed; and as my acquaintance with Fielding has become more and more intimate, I have grown more reasonably certain that in no time, in no language, has he been surpassed. I think that he never altogether equalled "Tom Jones," as Cervantes never did "Don Quixote"; and, if I may say so as Milton never did " Paradise Lost." Yet Fielding is great in the minor novels; and "Joseph Andrews" has a hard fight for supremacy in many critical judgments. The character of Amelia in the novel of that name arrested Mr. Thackeray's attention, and he used to regret that, for the sake of it, the novel could not be cleaned." I have sometimes thought that if there be any link which connects him with Fielding, it will be found in Thackerny's admiration of this character. Mrs. Booth is in many respects a heroine after Thackeray's own heart-quiet, loving, forgiving; the idol of a husband who does not

depicted them with something of a satirical disrespect. I have often ventured to take different and precisely opposite ground. I do not think that Thackeray had much regard for Bondicens or for impossible Unas; he undestood well enough the finilities of the female character; but I have never been able to see why Ethel, in "The Newcomes," is not infinitely superior in all the best attributes of character to the somewhat spooney Clive. He seems to be rather than herself th lay figure of the novel. He has been very much admired; children have been named after him even mon these Western shores; but what does he do through all the book except wear good clothes, pniat mediocre pictures, marry Rosy, quarrel with his mother-in-law, and be dreadfully sorry for the misfortunes of that dear old man, the Colonel ? No; upon the whole, I prefer Thackeray's women to his men. Mrs. Pendennis is a particular friend of mine, because she is so much more sensible than her lord. Upon the whole, I do not see that Thackeray's male characters-always excepting the dear old Colonel-are particularly win ning. But his women get a great hold of me, It is as if he made them and clothed them in the radiance of fine costume, or in the purity of white, and then took them upon the palm of his great right hand and showed them to us gracious, beautiful and toving. I believe that wonen, as a rule, shake their pretty little heads at Thackeray. They are much mistaken. This great stalwart creature is their champion. He will not draw then after the fashion of the modern novelist; but if he makes some of them true and tender, as Bemer made Andromache, as Octavia is suggested to us in Virgil as Amelia is painted in "Joseph Andrews," why this everlasting criticism because he did not find all of them like Eve before the apple, as if the world never saw any Becky Sharps nor any "Old Campaigners"!

When I began this paper, I thought of drawing a somewhat more elaborate parallel between Fielding and Thackeray, but I do not like to be too familiar with those great men who challenge my reverence and disarm dis approbation. Thackeray to me, considering all the literary peculiarities of the age, is a miracle not merely because of his hand and eye, but because of his absolute freedom from contemporary weakness and literary folly. He seems to stalk about like Gulliver among the pigmies of Lilliput. But there is one difference. The little men of that island bound to earth the great creature which had been cast upon their shores. Not for a moment was Thackeray tethered to the world; and Fielding himself, hard and difficult as his lot was, maintained his manhood to the last.

# DR. CHARLES THOMAS JACKSON.

Dr. C. A. Bartol in The Boston Advertiser.

I remember well the contagion I left over his devotion to his favorite pursuits. He was born to observe and investigate with the most accurate and comprehensive survey. He told me: "My brother Emeron says he cannot give up his ideas, and I answer him that I must hold on to facts," curving his hand into a grasp as he spoke. In his prime how active and agile, constant and enduring he was in his tasks! The hand or the mind he had in those two most important of modern discoveries, telegraphy and etherization, is the subject of a controversy never put quite at rest, and which I have no wish to revive, although, now he is gone, it deserves some reconsideration more impartial and judicial than, in the conviction of many of his friends, it has yet received. Particularly in regard to anæsthesia there must be men living, once his intimate associates, who, so far as they know the circumstances, pught as witnesses to take the stand.

Bught as witnesses to take the stand.

He was a man whose self-respect did not allow him to waive his own claims, and of course his attitude could not please those who were inclined to reduce them to the lowest point; but never was a more honest person than he, and it were a shame to

be prejudiced by anybody's ingenious consciousness of his merits against their well-grounded truth. I am aware of the point made that there is no actual invention without a demonstration to the eyes and application to use. Says Dr. Paley, writing on a different matter: "He only discovers who proves." But practical men carry this dogma too far when they disparage as worthless the orginal suggestions but for which no experiment would have been instituted, far less issued in success. At the time of the strife, in a public and published discourse, with such lights as I had, however feeble by publicists they may be held, I was constrained to assign the inventive merit as to the use of sulphuric ether to him.

to him.

But Dr. Jackson was simple as a child, and veracious like the sun; and when I asked him if he at the outset had foreseen the immense consequences of his theory in surgical operations without pain, he replied that in the imperfect starting of such a business no man could; and I suppose no complete horoscope of deduction did even Newton or Kepler hold!

Or, as it well might hap, indeed,
A kerchief her despair to cover
When heart shall break, and breast shall
bleed

For her lost lover.

. . . I see her in her pleasure barge Glide down the Croinus, softly smiling, Marc Antony the noble targe Of her beguling.

Her 'wildering eyes, her jewelled snoods, Her witchery so the and various, Her gay exchantments, and her moods So-well, . . precarious!

A regal red rose, she descends In full orbed beauty from her beat'ns; Ashamed, our-shone, tefore her bends The sacred totus.

With Isis' wisdom, Athor's wiles, Her spiender beauty's self eclipses; A milion charias, spelfs, graces, games— All are the gapey's!

She knew a hero's brows to bind With platted garlands of paparus; She knew to cure a distraught mind With aspic virus;

She knew, when love and all were lost, To face Fate, an imperal woman; To vanquish a trumphant host And trick the Roman.

And, one would think, if ought be proved (When Cho speaks there is no knowing!) She understood—and even loved The art of sewing! ISABELLA G. MUREDITH.

WESTMINSTER WAXWORKS.

From The London Globe Has the reader noticed the peculiarity of Thackeray's wives, that almost always they are superior to their husbands? People say are superior to their husbands? People say by a wondrously narrow stairway to the abole of small door to the north of the "high," altar leadby a wondrously narrow stairway to the abode of
these curious relies; they stand about the charder
in glass-fronted caken presses, over which between
the clustered columns one sees spaces of the
glorious interior suffused with gentle light. The
panes that guard the efficies are scratched with the
initials of generations of nobodies, of whom the
historian can discover nothing save that they were
possessed of diamond rings. The figures themseives have that air of loity resolution never to
look at a commoner, that is so characteristic of
vonr aristocratic waxwork. They are ceptonsly
nowdered with dust, that lies in tiny drifts in the
dimples of their features, and hangs on their evelashes. And dust is upon their pieces [and upon the
lace, and velvet, and miniver of their robes, and
upon the broken orb and the tarmished sceptre.
The face of "Queen Elizabeth" is striking lean,
vellow, and aquiline, the image of "venerable oldmaidenism," as one has called it; the figure is abnormally long-waisted, and is disfigured by the
absurd panniers of a bygone fashion. This effigy
only dates from 1740, when it was made at the expense of the chapter for the bi-centenary of the
collegiate church. The dress is probably of older
date, and the face modelled upon the older mask.
The jewels on this figure, as on the others, are
spurious.

"Charles II." is considered a good likeness, and

spurious.
"Charles II." is considered a good likeness, and "Charles II. Is considered a good taches, and is in a fair state of preservation; but the merry monarch seems affected by an undercurrent of melanchely. William and Mary face each other with a heavy Batavian dignity, and good Queen Anne looks on in plump majesty. The Duchess of Buckingham and her child occupy one case, and John Sheffield, the first duke, one of Anne's Ministers, is ingham and her child occupy one case, and John Sheffield, the first duke, one of Anne's Ministers, is recumbent opposite, exposing a very large pair of red heels. The effigy of the beautiful Duchess of Richmond dates from about '1702, and a gray parrot is enshrined with it. This lady's will directed that a handsome image of herself should be fashioned, arrayed in "coronation" robes, and placed ander the best crown glass, and "none other." The partot had been the humble friend of the Duchess for forty years, and survived her only a few days. "Nelson" presents a slim and spirited appearance; the clothes, with the exception of the coat, were actually worn by him. The figure is enlarged from a statuette in wax, executed during Nelson's lifetime, and its raison d'être is very curlous. Nelson having been buried at St. Paul's his funeral car attracted crowds to the cathedral, and diminished proportionately the harvest of sixpences at the Abbey. The Westminster people hit upon the expedient of having this effigy made, and quickly readjusted the balance of popular favor. The Earl of Chatham, in robes of state, and grasping the inevitable roil, completes the fale. On the floor is a plain square box; an inscription upon it informs us that it contains the remains of the unhappy Major Andre. They have probably found a more honorable resting-place by this time, but the box adds another ghastly fonch to a most uneanny corner of the Abbey. As one steps out amongst the knots of gazers and idlers in the transept, there comes a sense of having been withdrawn for a while from the present lato a secret chamber where, in mouldering state, the mighty departed hold the ghost of a conclave.

# KAISER JOSEPH AND THE SPIELBERG.

From The London Globe.

Up till a few decades ago Anstria divided with Enssia the honor of possessing some of the worst dungeons in Europe, and perhaps the most terrible of these living tembs was the Spelberg of Brifin. Major von Rosanegs, of the Engineer Staff, has just published an interesting little volume on this now unused fortress. One charming and authentic tale is worth repeating. It was in 1783—the first centenary, therefore, of the deliverance from the Torks—and Kaiser Joseph in person made an incognita visit to the Spielberg to inquire himself who was deserving of freedom. For the centenary was to be marked by the release of prisoners. Colonel Count Auersperg was his alde-de-camp. Jader Cyrill received his orders from the governor to show the two gentlemen the prison, and led the way down the dark passages, a mighty bunch of keysin his band. After viewing many sad chambers, where one or more wretches, ill-clothed and dirty, sat moodily waiting for release or death, Cyrill conducted the visitors to the underground cells—dark, clammy and recking with evil smells. The jailer was in the act of passing the first door and proceeding further, when the Emperor stopped and bale him open the cell. The visitors were horrified to see a human figure almost maked and chained wrists and ankles to the wall. The man had gone mad from confinement in solltude and darkness, and globered and mouthed fearfully. The next cell, a model of the first, we empty, and the Emperor, without a memeria healtstice.

insisted upon being locked up alone for an hour in it. Remonstrance was us less and the Imperial will had to be obeyed. The heavy door was slammed, so the others retired and the monarch was left to himself. When they came at the end of the hour Kaiser Joseph looked sick and ill. The first words he said were, "I am the last man who shall ever inhabit these underground cells; to-morrow they shall be walled up." The Imperial command was obeyed, and next morning came the stonemasons and bricklayers and cut off the dread cells from the rest of the world. Kaiser Franz Joseph, the present Emperor, abolished the Spielberg as a State prison in 1855.

### AGE AND THE INTELLECT

the inventive merit as to the use of sulpounc eiter in him.

Lish like the sun; and when I asked him if he at the curse take the sun; and when I asked him if he at the curse take foreseen the immense consequences of his theory in surgical operations without pair, he replied that in the imperfect starting of such a business no man coult; and I suppose no complete the surgical operations without pair, he replied that in the imperfect starting of such a business no man coult; and I suppose no complete the surgices of deduction did even Newton or Kepler and School and the surgices of the

the larger part of his." History of Greece, between the ages of hify two and sixty-two, and Hallam occupied nearly the same period of life with his." Introduction to the Literature of Europe." The two works by which Thomas Hood has survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Smit," were composed when he was forty-six, and on a sick-bed from which he never rose.

Longfellow gave us "Hawatha" when forty-eight; "Tales of a Wayside Inn" when fifty-six, and since then has been as profific as he has been excellent. We need only mention his translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," and his exquisite poem, "Morituri Saluranus." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published when Holmes was forty-eight, and "Songs in Many Keys" when fifty-five. Washington Irving completed "Tales of the Alhambra" at forty-hine, published "Mahomet" at sixty-seven, and the "Life of George Washington" after that age. Prescoti wrote, we believe, the "Conquest of Mexico" between the ages of forty-sone and forty-seven, and the "Conquest of Fern," between forty-seven and fifty-one, Motiey completed the "History of the United Netherlands" at fifty-three, and after that began the history of "John of Barneveid," which he published when he was sixty.

Frenchmen have treduced very remarkable books long after the noon-day of life. Laplace did an extraordinary amount of mathematical werk after three score and ten, and Victor Hugo scarcely "ger under way" before he was fifty. He published "Napoleon the Little" at fifty: "Les Chatiments" at fifty-one; "Les Miserables" at fifty-seven; the "Toilers of the Sea" at sixty-lour; "The Man Who Laugus" at sixty seven, and the "Annais of a Terrible Year" at seventy. The grant physicist and mathematician, Ampere, did not begin to devote his attention to the plenomena of electro-magnetism till he was forty-live, and if ty-two, that of "Atlaile," the finest production of his genulas, and a masterplace of draman eloquence. There was sixty-live when he compedied his "Consulate and Empire," and

was xxy seafa wash he lashed the second part. He and Sankespeare died on the same day.

Cicero composes most of his philosophical treatises between the ages of fifty-eight and sixv-two. Galleo published his "Dialogue on the I'wo Principal Systems of the World" at saxty-eight; the "Dialogue on Local Motion" at seventy-four, the age at which he discovered the moon's diurnal liberator.

libration.
Goethe and Kaut, two of the greatest minds that Goethe and Kant, two of the greatest minds that ever lived, did, in view of their later works, scarcely anything till they had passed the are of lorry-five. Kant was nothing but a professor till fifty-seven, when he published his "Critique of Pure Reason," on which he had begun work ten years before. When sixty-four he issued his "Critique of Practical Reason," and his "Critique on Judgment" was published two years later. But the most coresponding literary example of ferribity at an advanced age is Goethe. At forty-eight he published "Hermann and Dorothea," and at fifty-six, his immortal "Faust." "It Goetne," says Cariyie, "had died in 1806, the year when "Faust" appeared), he would have achieved a greater renown than any other man of letters; but he was destined to live twenty-six years longer, years of labor and productiveness." In 1809, when fifty-mine, he published "Elective Affinities," and in 1831, at the age of eighty-two, "Fielena," the second part of "Faust."

# AN KX-REBEL AND BRITISH NATIONALITY

From The St. James's Gazette.

"An American Tory" writes to us:—Your esteemed correspondent, Mr. Pepys, raises a very interesting question as to the possibility of a man's grandfather transmitting his nationality to his grandson, the former being born in a colony of the Crown. When I came to live in England, some fifteen years ago, and, from circumstances to which it is not necessary to refer, was without any country at all, I propounded a similar question to a legal triend, and put it to hun thus: "Because my great-grandfather signed the Dechration of Independence of the American Colonies, in 1776, and my grandfather reconciled it with his conscience as a gentleman to bear arms jagainst his king, was I, a

dependence of the American Colonies, in 1776, and my granditather reconciled it with his conscience as a gentleman to bear arms jagainst his king, was I, a hundred years afterward, to be deprived of the privilege of being a British subject without recourse to naturalization?" I rehed, as Mr. Pepys seems to do, upon the statute of deorge III, which he cites: but my friend informed me that at a subsequent date, 1783, in the treaty acknowledging the independence of the thirteen colonies individually as free, sovereign, and independent States, there is a clause which provides for this contingency, by which the King renounces forever his claim to the allegiance of the people of those colonies and their descendants, and debars the same from proclaiming or considering themselves henceforth as his subjects.

I further learned that this clause was introduced into the treaty at the instance of the Colonial Plenipotentiaries, doubtless to prevent the next generation of American patriots from declaring themselves British subjects or citizens of the United States at their convenience. Having obtained the independence of the colonies by a fluke, Washington and his associates were by no means certain of the permanency or success of their experiment. Hence they exhausted every method to sever for all time to come the political connection with the mother country; and a step in this direction was to prevent the possibility of a man being an Englishman and an American at the same time. The persistent buncombe of Fourth of July orations was also a part of this method, now falling into disuse in the face of more absorbing domestic issues.

# CAUSE OR COINCIDENCE!

During the journey of the express train from Rio fie Janeiro to Sao Panlo, on the 18th of last month, a large black butterfly jentered a first-class car, and hovered about in such a way as to excite the apprehensions of a lady who was on her way to see a sister who was gravely ill, for it is a common Brazilian superstition that the black butterfly forbodes death. A gentleman in the car sought to quiet the fears of the lady, and laughed at such presentiments. He then attempted to drive the unwelcome visitor out of the car, but the butterfly at once began hovering about him in a most persistent manner. Shortly after he began to feel ill, and in a brief time was a corpse.

Shortly after he began to was a corpse,

The man really died of heart disease, hastened probably by his exertions to catch the butterfly; but it will be difficult, says The Rio News, to make many people believe otherwise than that the poor insect possessed some mailing influence which has again death upon him.

### HOME INTERESTS.

THE MARKETS.

LIGHT SUPPLY OF FISH-MEATS UNCHANGED IN PRICE-POULTRY AND GAME-FINE BUTTER

SCARCE-VEGETABLES AND FRUIT. -" And sails within the bar were farled, For it was windy weather." The "catch" of fish during the past week was but light, as windy weather sadly interfered with the fishermen. The prices of most varieties were higher than usual yesterday. Bluefish were 1212 cents a pound, halibut 18, striped bass, 25, Spanish mackerel, from Long Island, 50 cents, and from the Chesapeake, 30 cents. Frozen salmon was 45 cents, pompano 50 cents, blackfish 1212 cents,

out the most and mince it. Grate 2 outless of bread crumbs and mix with them two hard bodiest eggs chopped fine, some cavence, sait and lemon-juice. Add all this to 6 ounces of the crab-meat, make most and rich with cream, clean the shells, all then with the mixture and some breakermals. over the top and brown in a hot oven.
Chickens Bhaised.—Take out all the bones ex-

cept those of the legs and wings. This can be easily done by splitting the clicken down the back with a very sharp knife and then so aping the flesh down a very sharp kinde and then scraping the flesh down the sides. Staff with cold hand finely number and richly seasoned with powdered herbs, a little named park and mushrooms, and some lemon jurce. Sew up the chicken, had the oreast and put it into a stew-pan on a layer of herbs, mineed onion and parsley, and a few sides of bucon. Pour around it some good stock and a glass of snerry. Cover the pan and let it cook slowly for two hours. Then take pan and let it cook slowly for two hours. Then take up the chicken, strain the laquer, put it back on the range and let it beil quickly to a glaze. Brush the chicken over with this, and serve on a platter surrounded with musbrooms cooked in a brown gravy.

Curns and Cheam.—Heat a quart of milk until it is lukewarm. Put half a teaspoon of powdered cinnamon and a heaping teaspoenful of sugar into a wine-glass of brandy or sherry, and stir till the sugar is disselved; add this to the milk, put all into the disk in which it is to be served and stir in a

the dish in which it is to be served and stir in a table-poon of the prepared rennet. It will be firm in three or four hours. Serve with sugar and rich cream and fresh peaches peeled and quartered. BEEFSTEAK & LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.-Cut the

fillets or tenderest parts from some choice lender-loin steak. Shape them into neat oval pieces, each large enough for one person and broit them daintily. Spread with mattre d'hotel butter and serve on a Spread with maitre d'hotel butter and serve on a hot platter, surrounded by green peas or Saratoga potatoes and parsley.

BRUSSWIGE STEW.—"Virginia" writes: "I send a recipe which I hope the ladies will try once, then I'm sure they will again. To two quarts of cold

I'm sire they will again. To two quarts of cold water put one chicken but up and two or three slices of fat bacon but into small pieces. Let us boil gently for four hours, then add one-half pint Irish potatoes cut small, one-half pint of ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut tine, one-half pint of butter beans, three ears of tender corn cut down the centre of each grain and then cut off, or grated, a reathe of each grain and then cut off, or graited, a tenspeouful of peoper, the same of sugar, a lump of butter as big as a hea's egg, and sait to taste. Let this boil one hour, then take out all the benes and serve hot. This is the regular Virginia' Brunswich Stew.' A little yeal is good added to the chicken."

BATTER CAKES .- 1. With one quart of flour sift BATTER CARIS.—1. With one quart of flour sift five times two heaping teaspoorfuls of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of sola and two of cream tartar, add a table-spoonful of salt and sweet milk till the batter is of the right consistency. Then add two eggs, beaten whites and yelks apart and then together. Fry on a hot gradile using as little fat to fry with as possible. If the gradile is of polished steel no fat at all will be needed.

2. Into one quart of flour pour enough butter all or sour milk to make the batter of the righ milk or sour milk to make the batter of the right thickness, add soda to neutralize the neid, salt to taste and two eggs beaten as prescribed in the recipe above. Try a bit of the mixture and see whether the proportions of soda are right before you fry the whole. Old buttermilk or sour milk will not make nice cakes, and buttermilk is much to be preferred to sour milk. The griddle must be of just the right bottees to insure success, and the fire must be good and steady. In spite of everything, however, one does not always produce the best results in batter cakes, and fails without being able to divine any possible reason for failure. Some malicious fairy doubtless gets into the dish and spoils it. batter of the right

OKRA SOUP OR "GUMBO."-Two dozen tender okra OKRA SOUP OR "GUMBO."—Two dozen tender okra pods, two quarts water. If only an okra soup is wanted ten or twelve pods will suffice, but then it is not a gumbo and you miss a good thing. Cut pods in circular slices, fry in butter or lard, or with bacon slices, till well brown, (not burnt) have ready boiling half a chicken or bits of mutton or beef or rabit in aforesaid two quarts of water, add a handful of washed rice, pepper, salt, tomatoes, a few pods of tender green beads, one car of corn cut grains), and last fried okra. Serve with Southern cooked rice and St. Charles corn bread. Two plates of this make a good meal for any one.

PROTEIN RAISING.—Soak two dozen beans in

make a good meal for any one.

PROTEIN RAISING.—Soak two dozen beans in water twenty-four hours. Take them from the water and crush them fine with the sait to be used. Mix thoroughly in one quart of water, add five pints of flour, knead well and set to rise all night, bake without rekneading. Good for muffins and all kinds of batter cakes. This ought to banish all unhealthy soda compounds.—i. c.

WATERPROOF MUSIJN.-S. B. Says: to A. B. C.s' inquiry for a recipe to make un-bleached muslin waterproof, I send the following: Boll together two pounds of turpentine, one nound of ietharge in powder, and two or three pounds of

Imseed oil. Put on the cloth with a brush and dry in the sun."

Mrs. T. says: The French method is as follows: Take one and one-eighth pounds of alum and dissolve in five gallons of boiling water. Dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in another five gallons, and mix the solutions. The result will be a cardied liquor into which put the cloth, being caraful to saturate every part. When thoroughly soaked wring lightly and dry. Repeat the soaking in the aium and lead water, dry again, and wash in cold water. It will shed rain and is not air tight.

To Color Brown.—For five pounds of goods break or chop one pound of catechu, (cutch or terrajaponica) and put it into about two paifulls of cold water, in brass, copper or porcelain kettle; bring to a boil, sirring often till dissolved add two ounces blue vitriol and water to cover goods. Put them in and keep at scalding heat for one to two hours.

For each pound of catechu dissolve three ounces bichromate of potash, in a separate kettle (brass, copper, iron or earthen)in sufficient water to cover goods; wring from catechu bath and scald, foot beilt in potash bath for an hour, dry and wash in soap suds (not too strong). This will color woolen a very dark rich brown; cotton will be lighter. The dye left will be sufficiently strong to color 3 or 4 poonds more, a handsome cuir or leather color, but will take more time. I will also give a recipe for A Beilliant Orange.—For each pound of goods take 2 ounces of this gall.

profiles were higher the round; returned, to come the place of the control of the

In the case of fish, many people trust to the sense of smed; but this is not always to be depended upon, as it may be deceived by the use of ice. The best tests of freshness are the fulness of the eyebalis and the bright pink hue of the arils when raw, and when cooked the firmness of the filesh, which in the case of stale fish is flabby and stringy, even if preserved by cold from visible putrefaction. The chargest series of fish are best to buy, for when any kind is cheapest it is sure to be most plentful, in fullest senson, and therefore most wholesome. Great care is necessary in purchasing cavarace—the roc of the sturgeon—which should always be obtained straight from a fishmonger, and as fresh as possible. First evarage is soit, pale in color, and exhibits the least of the decroes did her no good; so I was recommended to go to a was was a residue. Fresh caviare is soft, pale in color, and exhibits the ova quite distinctly; but when it is old and out of season it is black, homogeneous in texture, and is very indigestible—in fact, none but the very freshest is to be recommended for digestiblity. The preserved sorts are to be avoided, for very often they are extremely unwholesome—indeed, almost unfit for human consumption.

From The London Standard.

At the period when I first made acquaintance with the Continent—France, namely—although the art of salad-making was infinitely better understood there than here, it was nevertheless quite a usual thing to see in England the salad brought to table dressed. This is almost no longer the case, Instead of dressed salad, lettuce plants, and almost always the Cos variety, longitudinally cut, are presented. They are generally served on a flat dish, whereon it would not be possible to dress them if inclination prompted the attempt. When a salad bowl does figure the probability is that the salad stuff will be found lying at the bottom unescaped lines, minged with a quantity of water, which, after the washing, had not been shaken on. Of lace, curious crescentic plates are put by the side of each cover at table, which, as it seems, are intended to receive the letture sections. Thus, so far as concerns salad, the only visible pretence at improvement has been made by the potter. But he has gone in the wrong direction. It was the bowl for making the salad, rather than the plate to eat it from, that required his attention. For your British potter salad bowls are all of one size, or nearly so, whether for the service of one, two, or a dozen people; whereas in France a complete dinner service comprises several sizes of salad bowls. French salad bowls are, moreover, always round in form, as ought to be vessels wherein stirring or mixing has to be done; but the British article has, by some foolish concert, come of late to be oval. As for the actual salad materials, if something more than letture and mustard and cress be coming into use, progress in that direction is uncommonly slow.

use, progress in that direction is uncommonly slow, and is almost confined to the neighborhood of Lei-cester-square.

But, such as it is, that progress has hitherto avoided the line in which it was most wanted; for that wherein English salid, even when fairly well made, is chiefly defective is what the French call fourniture—that is, flavoring fines herbes, such as chervil, tarsagon, and chives, without which every salad is insipid. This, however, was perfectly well known in England two hundred years ago. To have arrived, in the year 1880, to the all but total disuse of those herbs implies no inconsiderable progress backward. I have in my possession a copy, one of the 14th edition, of John Evelyn's "Acetaria, or Book of Salets," the contents of which make it evident that at the time of that publication the management of salads was not more of a mystery in England than in France. The falling off which has taken place therein is no solitary event. Cookery and the art of the table in general have, no doubt, undergone the same process of decay; for it can hardly be doubted that in past ages, when English cooking vessels were made of copper, like those of most toreign countries in the present day, and charcoal was the ordinary kitchen fuel, this country had much the same style of victuals as the rest of the civilized world. The introduction of iron pots and pit-coal firing has largely to answer for the sorry pass to which the culinary art has come here. use, progress in that direction is uncommonly slov and is almost confined to the neighborhood of Le

# FASHION BELOW STAIRS.

lady guests of the house, was tempted by currouty to take a peep at the speakers. They were two nurses, THE SHAH IN PROCESSION.

Teheran Letter to The London News.

Each man wore a rather long skirted red tunic, ornamented with a few scrape of gold lace sawa horizontally on the breast; a pair of dark knew breeches, white cotton stockhurs, and shoes with buckless and rosettes. The oddest part of the cotton was the hat. It was of black glazed leather, and was inot unlike a fireman's helmet developing into a lancer's asque; or the head areas were by the eccentric pencil merchant in Paris some years as when he used to drive about the streets in a carriage selling his weres. From the centre and forward and rear ends of the tall, struight crest rise three bunches of red artinoial flowers, made to resemble sweetwilliam blossoms. These are fixed on long stems, that in the centre being the taller, all three nodding comically with every movement of

some surprise. "Why, men'am," replied the woman, "it has picased God to afflict my daughter here with falling fits, and the doctors did her no god; sol was recommended to go to a wise woman residing near Guidford, and she said, if she was well paid for it, she could teil me what alled the girl, and what would care her. So I said I was agreeable, and she told me that people afflicted with falling fits were bewitched, and that I must get as many pind as would fill a quart bottle, and put them into it, and let it stand close to the life, upon the hearth, until the pins were red hot. As soon as this took place, they would prick the heart of the witch who had brought this affliction on my poor girl, and then she would be glad enough to remove it." A medical practitioner of the same neighborhood, in illustration of this superstition, unitrates that when a house in Pulborough was undergoing thorough repair, a bottle containing upward of 200 bins was found beneath the heart stone of one of the rooms, every pin being bent, and some of them heartly in a curve. This mode of enchantiment appears to have been of common occurrence, and the workmen, who were engaged in doing up the house in question, affirmed that they often made similar discoveries in repairing houses. Another curious case of counteracting witcheraft by "pin-sticking" occurred at a recent period in the parish of flontion Ciyst. A landlord having lost one of his tenants, certain repairs for the next. In carrying out the work a chimney had to be explored, when, in the course of the operation, there was found carefully secreted a pag's heart, stuck all over with thorn prickles. This is supposed to have been done by the direction of some "wise" or "cumning person," as a means of taking revenge on the witch to whose incantained the party considered some mischied die, in belief that the heart of the ill-wisher would be picrosd in that the heart of the ill-wisher would be ptered in that the heart of the ill-wisher would be ptered in that the manner, until it finally became as pulseless at that of the pig.

In divination, pins are generally dropped into

that of the pig.

In divination, pins are generally dropped into wells and omens gathered from the direction in which they fail. In the north of England there are the "wishing wells," into which, if the passers by only drop a crooked pin and breath their wish, they may reat assured of its fulfilment. Near Wooler, in Northumberland, on the flanks of the Chevlofs, there is a spring of water locally known as "Pin Well"; and the "Worm Well," at Lambton, has lot many years been a popular resort for pin divination. St. Helen's Well, near Sefton, is no less famous. Young people, from time immemorial, have been in the habit of casting pins or pebbles into it, and making prognostications from the circles formed on the surface of the sgniated water. In many a well may be found the pins which have been dropped by maidens desirons of knowing "when they were to be married." One writer tells us how he one winessed on a May morning a group of beautim girls perform the cermony of pin-dropping at Madrou Well, near Penzance. Two pieces of straw, about an inch long each, were crossed, and the pin run through them. This cross was then dropped into the water, and the rising bubbles carefully combest, as they marked the number of years which would pass ere the arrival of the happy day. People also formerly were accustomed to visit this well and wash in its water when safforing from sundry maladies. All over the Highlands of Scotland there are holy healing wells, at which the peasantry leave offerings of pins and nails.

# A FRENCH MESMERIZER.

Prom the Pall Mall basette.

M. Henri de Parville tells, in the Debats, a very curious story of "hypnotism," or mesmerism, Edgar Poe conceived the ghastly idea of mesmerizing a dying man, but M. de Parville's experiment was not quite so original. He was hving twenty years ago among the Mosquito tribe of Red Indians. One evening, for want of better sport, he "hypnotized" h-lf-a-dozen abic-boiled Mosquitoes by making them in x their eyes on the glass stoppers of carafes. After a few scances the Mosquitoes Long Branch Letter to The Hour.

During the bastle of departures within the past few dars, a gentleman was sixting in a small writing room attached to the ladies' reception room at the West End, when his attention was attracted by a conversation carried on in feminine voices outside the open window. "Miss Green, allow me to present Miss Jones to you," was the prelude of an introduction between two of the unseen speakers. "I'm very glad to know you, Miss Jones," was Miss Green's response. "Have you been here long?" "Oh, yes," said Miss Jones, "since the middle of July. We were at Saratoga in June and the early part of July," "Well, we've only recently arrived," responded Miss Green. "We were late this season. I was quite vexed at the delay. You leave to day, I understand?" "Yes, we are going this afternoon, I shall be happy to see you some evening at our house, It is No. — West Thirty-fourth-st., you know, quite near Fitth-ave," "Thanks. I shall be delighted to call."

The involuntary listener, not recognizing the names or the voices, and knowing nearly all the